

WOMEN OF WORLD SHOULD STOP THE WAR, SAYS MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK.

Famous Singer Declares Burden of Misery and Suffering Caused by Titanic Struggle Falls Most Heavily Upon Women, Who Alone Have Power to End It.

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK ON THE WAR.

The women of the world have the power to end the war.

There should be a great uprising, a universal protest of the women of all countries.

Back of the marvelous prosperity of Germany stands the German家庭. It is she who has contributed most to it.

It is a glorious thing to fight and die for one's country, but it is the women who suffer most cruelly.

Cannot all the women of the world unite to stop this horror? We have seen the suffragettes fighting for a cause infinitely less important.

I appeal to every woman's heart to unite to stop this bloodshed.

HERE is probably no woman in the world who could better voice the true feelings of womanhood toward the world war than Mme. Schumann-Heink, the well known operatic star. While her career as a singer has been a long and busy one, she has retained through it all a genuine womanly fondness for domestic life and has reared a large family of children. Though born in Austria, she has made her home in this country for many years and has taken American citizenship in order that her children may be true Americans. At the outbreak of the war Mme. Schumann-Heink was in Germany and was able to see what it meant to the women of that country and the other countries involved. Out of the fulness of her knowledge and sympathy for the silent, suffering victims of war's folly she speaks in the following interview:

"I would gladly lend a hand of women between the battle lines if I could help to end this frightful war. I would be willing to die in the cause." Mme. Schumann-Heink spoke quietly, almost gently, and yet with an intensity of feeling that thrilled the interviewer, who somehow had not expected such an utterance.

"The women of the world have the power to end this awful war," continued Mme. Schumann-Heink. "There should be a great uprising, a universal protest of the women of all countries. Women have the power, and it is they who suffer most cruelly from the hor-

rors of such a struggle. It is time to take heroic measures. We have seen women parading with flags, even light, for the right to vote, which is infinitely less important.

"Think, for example, of the women of Germany. I speak of them because I know them better than the women of the other warring countries, but the suffering of all is the same. The Germans love their homes perhaps more than any other people in the world. They are passionately devoted to their freedom and the beautiful family life which one finds in all classes throughout the empire. Has not the German Christmas had its influence in every country in the world? The German love for children, young and old, and their effort to make them happy are ideal. The German Santa Claus, the Christmas tree, German toys and German folklore are familiar the world over. Every one who loves children owes a debt of gratitude to the German genius for making childhood happy, especially at the Christmas season.

"Nowhere is the education or training of children carried on with more intelligence and love than in Germany. The kindergarten methods are used all over the United States from Germany, and throughout the educational system, even of our universities, German methods are admired and copied. Is it reasonable, is it sane, to believe that we rear our children with the fondest care to have them mowed down like animals? It is absurd to suppose that the Germans who love their children so dearly should desire to send them out to serve as 'cannon fodder.'

"The women of Germany have contributed in very large measure to the prosperity and greatness of the fatherland. We read a great deal nowadays about the wonderful wealth of Germany, which will enable her to carry on this frightful war. It is the thrift, energy and frugality of the German women which have made this possible.

Back of the marvelous prosperity of Germany in recent years stands the German woman. It is she who has contributed to live economically and raise a large family and put by a little money regularly on an income which would be considered very small indeed in America.

"In all Germany there is no dire poverty such as we find in most other countries. The German citizens have no slaves such as are to be found in the great cities of most countries and even in many smaller cities and towns. Germany is a small country comparatively,

from service in the trenches. This is attributed to shattered nerves in many cases, although there are occasional court martial in cases where there is reason to believe that cowardice inspired such action.

Bad teeth are playing havoc with the English troops exposed to cold and dampness in the trenches. As fast as they can be recruited dentists are being sent to the front to treat defective teeth, which have caused rheumatism and disabled men otherwise sound.

Recruiting officers were at first very particular about the teeth of applicants for admission to the army, but soon became necessary to let down the bars. As the middle and lower class people of England take indifference care of their mouths and seldom have their teeth treated, dental troubles have been numerous.

"I am not going to bite the Germans," was the protest of an Englishman turned down at the opening of the war because of defective teeth. But the developments of the last three months have shown that no soldier is any better than his teeth. Inability to maintain the coarse army fare properly has incapacitated large numbers of soldiers who were not actually forced to leave the front because of aching teeth and swollen jaws, aggravated by standing for days in wet trenches.

It is not unusual to see new recruits claiming large numbers of the British who have lain for weeks under German fire in the trenches about Ypres, according to a Southampton dispatch. The insanity words in the big government hospital at Netley, England, are due to overworking, and all the hospitals in the south of England have many patients who have suffered nervous collapse and have been sent back for treatment.

Most of the cases show decided improvement as soon as the men get into new surroundings and have quiet. Many of the patients suffering with nervous afflictions said when they left Netley that they could never endure further service under the fire of heavy guns, but nevertheless they clung to demand the sound teeth required for admission to the American army they would get a grasp on their nerves.

A large number of invalided soldiers have been touched by a bullet or a shell and show no physical signs of disability. Some of the most desperate cases are men who were terribly shocked by shells exploding near them. A boy of eighteen, who recently left Netley to visit his relatives in Manchester, was buried through the fire of an exploding shell, not a fragment of which touched him. Both ear drums were broken, and he was unconscious several days. His brain was so affected that he was unable to see anything for weeks in case he became the least excited. When he left Netley hospital he still walked unsteadily and complained that dark spots frequently appeared before his eyes.

INSANITY CLAIMS BRITISH FIGHTERS

Numerous Unwounded Returning to England Crazed.

BAD TEETH, TOO, DISABLE.

Cold and Dampness in Trenches Causes Neuralgia and Put Soldiers Out of Business—Dentists Being Sent to the Front as Fast as They Can Be Recruited to Treat the Defective Molars.

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Shoot Own Hands and Feet.

As is the case in nearly all military action, soldiers are on rare occasions found shooting their own hands and feet or exposing their arms and hands to the fire of the enemy that they may get wounds which will relieve them

of such a struggle. It is time to take heroic measures. We have seen women parading with flags, even light, for the right to vote, which is infinitely less important.

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MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK.

"I was singing in opera at Bayreuth when war was declared. The news was passed from one to another throughout the great audience. I could feel the unrest, the suppressed excitement, although no word was uttered. The excitement was terrible. And when finally the curtain fell upon the act I hurried to the wings

to ask what could have happened. We were wholly unprepared for the news. I had been touring the German cities, and everywhere I had found large audiences, wonderful enthusiasm, peace and plenty, and no thought of this frightful war. The news came to us all with the same awful shock.

"The opera was continued that night,

difficult as the task was. The audience began to disappear, and the last act was given to an almost empty house. The audience rushed to the carriages and automobiles and hurried away to respond to the call to arms and take their places in the struggle. I remained for a few days. I saw two trains leaving with soldiers for the front. It was heartbreaking. I could not stand it, and I hurried away to the mountains to try to escape from such scenes.

"The trains went out crowded with laughing, cheering men. They were delighted to serve their fatherland and went willingly to face the enemy. It is a glorious thing to fight and die for one's country. But I realized then as never before that it is the women who are left behind who suffer most cruelly.

"It was a scene never to be forgotten. Until the trains actually started the women, the wives and mothers, who had come to say farewell, bore up with wonderful bravery and self-possession. And then the trains carrying their loved ones drew away, and I saw hundreds of women driven almost mad with grief. They rushed after the train shrieking and calling the names of their children, their loved ones, weeping in despair."

Mme. Schumann-Heink rose, with her arms extended, and repeated the cries of the distraught women with intense dramatic expression.

"No one could watch the suffering of these poor women," she continued, "without an aching heart. I realized this never before the unspeakable horror of war and the bravery and fortitude of these German wives and mothers. Their bravery is greater than that of the men on the battlefield, and their suffering is more intense. They saw their loved ones leave, many of them never to return, and they must remain quiet and take up the burden of their lives unaided. And if their land is invaded, such is the spirit of the German women, they will themselves take up arms if they can organize and argue and even fight for a vote, why do they not rise now in a vigorous protest? I am not criticizing any one. I do not wish to antagonize any one. The great problem before us women is too great for that. I am sick with the horror of it all, and I would appeal to every woman's heart to unite to stop this bloodshed.

"To try to escape from these heart-rending scenes I left the cities, going to a hotel far up in the mountains. Even there, however, I could not get away from these horrors. I stopped at a hotel which had been run by a family that had spent a lifetime in this work. They had commenced in a humble way and gradually built up their business. It was a typical German family, a happy German home. With the call to arms, however, the father and the sons had dropped everything and hurried to the front, leaving the women of the family to shift for themselves. The

family was broken up, all the beautiful plans for the future destroyed in an hour. Here again it was the women who must struggle on alone.

"Wherever one goes in Germany it is the same. A little later I saw the wounded being brought back from the front. It was all so pitiful. And the wounds in this war, I am told, are so frightful. Many of the men have been wounded in the face, from lying in trenches. I saw these poor fellows blinded for life, with their faces horribly mangled. Many of the bullets make great torn wounds which are very difficult to treat.

"I am not a politician, and I am not discussing the rights or wrongs of the causes leading to this frightful war. I am only a woman, but I am a mother, and as such I protest with my heart and soul against this wicked, horrible war. We call ourselves civilized, and we could invent and build these weapons which now mow down rows upon rows of living men. This is not war. It is slaughter, horrible and unthinkable. And they say the war is hardly commenced. What unspeakable suffering are we to endure before it is over?"

"Within a few hours I have heard from Germany that the children of my dearest friend have been lost. I call them children, for I have known them since I held them on my knee. I never weep or I should cry for them. The thought of this suffering almost drives me mad. I have not slept since I heard of it. What gain can come with victories which will in the slightest degree justify such a war? What is the gain or loss of some small piece of land compared with the suffering of millions of families, wounds which will not heal for generations?

"Cannot the women, not alone the German women, but all the women of the world, unite to stop this horror? We have seen the suffragettes fighting for a cause infinitely less important. If they can organize and argue and even fight for a vote, why do they not rise now in a vigorous protest? I am not criticizing any one. The great problem before us women is too great for that. I am sick with the horror of it all, and I would appeal to every woman's heart to unite to stop this bloodshed.

"Here it is the Christmas season, the time of 'Peace on earth, good will to men' and the war still goes on. What a mockery! At the time when only happiness should enter our homes, I read only of millions of homes being destroyed."

ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

Once Famed For Its Forests, It Has Had a Stirring History.

Cyprus is an island in the Mediterranean which has figured largely in the history of Europe. Famed in antiquity for its forests, today, except for the pine woods on the summits of its historic mountain, it is largely bare and treeless. From Egypt came monarchs to find timber for their fleets, and from Athens and Rome men to work its rich copper mines. The Apostle Paul visited Cyprus in his first great missionary journey, and Martin went there later with Barnabas.

At the division of the Roman empire Cyprus went to the Byzantine emperors. In the twelfth century England took the island and sold it to the Knights Templars, who in turn sold it to the king of Jerusalem. In 1570 the Turks sent 90,000 men against Cyprus. Nicolo, its capital, was taken after a forty-day siege, and 20,000 people were put to the sword. In 1878 England and Turkey entered into an agreement whereby Turkey retained sovereignty over the island, while England took charge of its administration.

Cyprus is 148 miles long, from forty to fifty miles wide and is about 3,000 square miles in area, with a fertile plain separating northern and southern mountain ranges. The island produces copper, gold, silver, asbestos, gypsum, red Jasper, cotton, wheat, barley, tobacco, silk and fruits. Wine is its best-known product. The water supply is meager, but the climate is healthy.

A correspondent of the Paris Matin in Berlin says Americans speak French in the streets of Berlin on account of the degree of hatred against the English and the comparatively mild feeling against France.

At a meeting of the Dancing Masters' academy in Paris a letter was read from President Le For, now a soldier at the front, proposing that all English and German dances be suppressed.

A correspondent of the Paris Matin in Berlin says Americans speak French in the streets of Berlin on account of the degree of hatred against the English and the comparatively mild feeling against France.

"When a man is hurt every one is anxious to get him at once to a doctor. If the troops on the firing line are not well disciplined and a soldier is wounded there will be three or four soldiers who are willing and anxious to carry him to the rear.

"For every soldier wounded the firing line loses four soldiers, and a hundred men wounded means that 400 men are lost to the firing line, for they never return to their regiments until the battle is over."

The feeling between the German soldiers and the British is extremely bitter. Whenever the Germans oppose the British the fighting is reported to be incessant. Between the Germans and the French there is a more cordial feeling. Near Courtrai the French soldiers in the trenches signaled a message to the opposing German soldiers: "This is our colonel's birthday." The Germans passed the word along the trenches and replied: "We won't shoot much today. Let the colonel enjoy the day."

His Bad Handwriting.

Denz Farrar in his "Reminiscences" says that the first proofs of Denz Stanley's "Sind and Palestine" informed the reader that from the monastery of Sind was visible "the horn of the burning bush." This was a faintly apocalyptic nightmare of the printer's devil for "the horizon of the burning bush." The original proof sheets also stated that on turning the shoulder of Mount Oliver in the walk from Bethany "there suddenly burst upon the spectator a magnificent view of Jerusalem." In this startling sentence "Jerusalem" was the deus ex machina way of writing "Jerusalem." When the deus ex machina was known to write back and inquire whether his note was an acceptance or a refusal.

Line of Perpetual Frost.

The line of perpetual frost at the equator is at an altitude of 15,000 feet; in the northern states of this country at an altitude of about 4,000 feet.

Laziness begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains.—Spanish Proverb.

Webster's Father.

Daniel Webster's father's name was Ebenezer Webster. He was born in Kingston, N. H., in 1730, served in the French war under Sir Jeffrey Amherst and was one of the first settlers of what is now Franklin, N. H. In 1761, he died in 1805, when Daniel was twenty-four years of age.

MILITARY STRATEGY.

Why More is Gained by Wounding Than by Killing an Enemy.

In a letter to the Army and Navy Journal a retired army officer says that no intelligent soldier will fire a dum-dum or an explosive bullet at the enemy, for they both kill.

The object of the rifleman is not to kill an enemy, but to wound him. "A dead man is simply one soldier lost from his army. It is not a burden to any one. A wounded soldier must be taken care of and two horses must have an ambulance with two horses and an able-bodied soldier driver.

"Thirty wounded soldiers must have a surgeon, a hospital steward and ten or a dozen able-bodied soldiers to aid the doctor and wait upon and nurse the wounded men. The ambulances block the roads and delay the troops, especially the artillery and the supply wagons.

"When a man is hurt every one is anxious to get him at once to a doctor. If the troops on the firing line are not well disciplined and a soldier is wounded there will be three or four soldiers who are willing and anxious

Dark Hollow

By Anna Katharine Green

Illustrations by C. D. Rhodes

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"It's a lie, an awful, abominable lie. But think of such lies being passed up on that dreadful bridge for anyone to see. After twelve years, Mrs. Scoville! After—"

"Miss Weeks—" Ah, the oil of that golden speech on troubled waters! "What was he? I can't tell. Let me see those lines or what there is left of them so that I may share your feelings. They must be dreadful—"

"They are more than dreadful. They are for the kitchen. Wait a moment and then we will talk."

But Deborah had no mind to let these pieces escape her eye. Nor did she fail. At the end of fifteen minutes she had the torn bits of paper arranged in their proper position and was reading these words:

The scene of Oliver's crime.

"The beginning of the end!" was Deborah's thought. "If, after Mr. Black's efforts, a charge like this is found posted up in the public way, the rule of the Ostrander is determined upon, and nothing we can do can stop it."

In five minutes more she had said good-bye to Miss Weeks and was on her way to the courthouse. As she approached it she was still further alarmed by finding this square full of people, standing in groups or walking hither and thither on the courthouse steps. Within, there was the uneasy hum, the anxious look, the subdued movement which marks an universal suspense. Announcement had been made that the jury had reached their verdict, and counsel were resounding their places and the judge his seat.

Those who had eyes only for the latter—and those were many—noticed a change in him. His looks older by years than when he delivered his charge. Not the prisoner himself gave greater evidence of the effect which this hour of waiting had had upon a heart whose covered griefs were continually or unconsciously revealing themselves to the public eye. He did not wish this man sentenced. This was known by his charge—the one he considered one he had given in ill his care.

Silence, that awful precursor of doom, lay in all its weight upon every ear and heart as the clerk advanced with the cry, "Order in the court," but his momentous question:

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you ready with your verdict?"

A hush—then, the clear voice of the foreman:

"We are."

"How do you find? Guilty or not guilty?"

Another hesitation. Did the foreman feel the throat lurking in the air? Then he assumed some show of his old commanding presence.

"Come here, child," said he, in a way to make her heart beat about him! If so, he failed to allow it in tones as he uttered the words which harassed the prisoner.

"Not guilty."

A growl from the crowd, almost like that of a beast stirring in its lair, then a quick cessation of all hubbub as every one turned to the judge to whom one-sided charges they attributed this rebuke.

Deborah experienced in her quiet corner an alleviation of the heat which had brought her into this forbidding spot, and held her breathless through these formalities.

For the end was not yet. Through all the turn of noisy departure and the drifting out into the square of a vast, desolate throng, she had caught the flash of bit of paper that had fallen into this moving mass of people (no one, you know), passing from hand to hand, toward the solitary figure of the judge. Its delay as it reached the gap between the last row of seats and the judge's bench and its lordly deliverer, by some oblivious hand, she thrust it upon his notice just as he was rising to leave.

any one there desired vengeance, he had it. The knell of active life had been rung for this man. He would never remount the courthouse steps, or face again a respectful jury.

As for Deborah, she had shrunk out of sight at his approach, but as soon as he had ridden off she looked eagerly for a turn to carry her in his wake. She could not let him ride that mile alone. She was still fearful for him, though the mass of people about her was rapidly dissolving away, and the streets growing clear.

She can see his carriage now. Held up for a moment by the crowd, it has broken through, and is rolling quickly towards Ostrander lane. But the mob is following, and she is yet far behind.

Shouting to the the chauffeur to hasten, the insistent honk! honk! of the cab adds its raucous note to the tumult! They have dashed through one group—they are dashing through another—naught can withstand an onrushing automobile. She catches glimpses of raised arms threatening, retaliation; of eager, stolid, uncertain and furious faces—and her breath held back during that instant of wild passage dashes panting with agony.

Ostrander was glad to sit silent under this open rebuke and listen to Reuther's ingenuous declarations, though she knew that they brought no conviction and distill in coal court either to his mind or hers.

"Yes, mother, darling," the young girl was saying. "These people have not seen Oliver in years, but we have, and nothing they can say, nothing that any one can say, but himself, could ever shake my belief in him as a man incapable of a really wicked act. He might be capable of striking a sudden blow—most men are under great provocation—but to conceal such a fact—to live for years enjoying the respect of all who knew him, with the knowledge festering in his heart of another having suffered for his crime—that would be impossible to Oliver Ostrander."

Some words ring in the heart long after their echo has left the ear. Impossible! Deborah stole a look at the judge. But he was gazing at Reuther, where he well might gaze, if his sinking heart craved support or his abashed mind sought to lose itself in the enthusiasm of this pure soul, with its loving, uncalculating instincts.

"Tell the judge who is as confident of Oliver as I am myself that you are confident, too. That you could no more believe him capable of this abominable act than you could believe it of my father."

"I will—tell—the judge," stammered the unhappy mother. "Judge," she briefly declared, as she rose with the help of her daughter's arm, "my mind agrees with yours in this matter. What you think, I think." And that was all she could say.

As she fell again into her seat, the judge turned to Reuther:

"Leave your mother for a little while," he urged, with that rare gentleness he always showed her. "Let her rest here a few minutes longer, alone with me."

"You, Reuther," murmured Deborah, seeing no way of avoiding this inevitable interview. "I am feeling better every minute. I will come soon."

The young girl's eye faltered from one to the other, then settled with a strange and imploring look upon her mother. Had her clear intelligence pierced at last to the core of that mother's misery? Had she seen what Deborah would have spared her at the cost of her own life? It would seem so for when the mother, with great effort, began some consolatory speech, the young girl smiled with a certain sad patience and, turning toward Judge Ostrander, said as she softly withdrew.

"You have been very kind to allow me to mention a name and discuss a subject you have expressly forbidden. I want to show my gratitude, Judge Ostrander, by never referring to it again without your permission. That you know my mind"—her head rose with a sort of lofty pride which lent a dazzling quality to her usually quiet beauty—"and that I know yours, is quite enough for me."

"A noble girl a mate for the best!"

From the judge's lips after a silence disturbed only by the faint, off-murmur of a slowly dispersing throng.

Deborah made no answer. She could not yet trust her courage or her voice.

The judge, who was standing near, concealed his look upon her features. "Madam!"—he was searching her eyes, searching her very soul, as men seldom search the mind of an other. "You believe in the truth of these calumnies that have just been shouted in our ears. You believe what they say of Oliver. You believe, with every prejudice in his favor, with every desire to recognize his worth? You, who have shown yourself ready to die for your husband's cause, though you consider him an honest one, when you saw what havoc it would entail to my boy's reputation. You believe—and on what evidence?" he broke in. "Because of the picture and the coincidence of his presence in the ravine?"

"Yes."

"But these are puerile reasons." He was speaking peremptorily now and with all the weight of a master mind.

"And you are not the woman to be satisfied with anything puerile. There is something back of all this; something you have not imparted. What is that something? Tell—tell!"

"Oliver was a mere boy in those days and a very passionate one. He had Elsie—Elsie—the obtrusive mentor who came between him and your self."

"Hated?"

"Yes, there is proof."

He did not ask where. Possibly he knew. And because he did not ask she did not tell him, holding on to her secret in a vague hope that so much at least might never see light.

"I knew the boy shrank sometimes

from Algernon's company," the judge admitted, after another glance at her face; "but that means nothing in a boy full of his own affairs. What else have you against him? Speak up! I can beat it all!"

"He handled the stick that—that—"

"Never! Now you have gone mad, madam."

"I would be willing to end my days in an asylum if that would disprove this fact."

"But, madam, what proof—what reason do you have for an assertion so monstrous?"

"You remember the shadow I saw which was not that of John Scoville? The person who made that shadow was whistling a stick, that was a trick of Oliver's. I have heard that he even whistled furniture."

"Good God!" The judge's panoply was pierced at last.

"They tried to prove, as you will remember, that it was John Scoville who disfigured the bludgeon he always carried with pride. But the argument was a sorry one and in itself would have broken down the prosecution had he been a man of better repute. Now, those few chips taken from the handle of this weapon will carry a different significance. For in my folly I asked to see this stick, which still exists at police headquarters, and there in the wood I detected and pointed out a trifle of steel which never came from the unbroken blades of the knife taken from John's pocket."

Fallen was the proud head now and fallen the great man's aspect. It he spoke it was to utter a low "Oliver Oliver!"

The pathos of it—the heart-rending woe in the tone brought the tears to Deborah's eyes and made her last words very difficult.

"But the one great thing which gives to these facts their really dangerous point is the mystery you have made of your life and of this so-called hermitage. If you can clear up that, you can afford to ignore the rest."

"The misfortunes of my house!" was his sole response. "The misfortunes of my house!"

CHAPTER XIII.

One Secret Less.

Suddenly he faced Deborah again. The crisis of feeling had passed, and he looked almost cold.

"You have had advisers," said he. "Who are they?"

"I have talked with Mr. Black."

The judge's brows met.

"Well, you were wise," said he. Then, shortly, "What is his attitude?"

Feeling that her position was fast becoming intolerable, she falteringly replied, "Friendly to you and Oliver, but even without all the reasons which move me, sharing my conviction."

"He has told you so?"

"Not directly; but there was no mistaking his opinion of the necessity you were under to explain the miseries of your life. And it was yesterday we talked; not today."

Like words thrown into a void, long, slow, lingering, half-uttered phrases seemed to awaken an echo which rung not only in his most bone-biting, but in hers. Not till in both natures silence had settled again (the silence of despair, not peace), did he speak. When he did it was simply to breathe her name.

"Deborah?"

Starled, for it had always before

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Deborah made no answer. She could not yet trust her voice.

She was a just one. Once satisfied of this, your temperament is such that you would be our advocate whether you wished it or not. Your very silence would be eloquent.

"Convince me; I am willing to have you Judge Ostrander. But how can you do so? A shadow stands between my wishes and the belief you mention. The shadow cast by Oliver as he made his way towards the bridge, with my husband's bludgeon in his hand."

"Did you see him strike the blow? Were there any opportunity shadows to betray what happened between the instant—let us say Oliver's approach and the fall of my friend? Much can happen in a minute, and this matter is one of minutes. Scoville had a heart open to crime, Oliver not. This I knew when I sat upon the bench at his trial; and now you shall know it, too. Come! I have something to show you."

He turned towards the door and mechanically she followed. Her thoughts were all in a whirl. She did not know what to make of him or of herself. The rooted dread of weeks was stirring in its soul. This suggestion of the transference of the stick from hand to hand was not impossible. Only Scoville had sworn to her, and that, too, upon their child's head, that he had not struck this blow. And she had believed him after finding the cap; and she believed him now. Yes, against her will, she believed him now. Why? and again, why?

Once within the room, he became his courteous self once more. "He soughted," he begged, indicating a chair in the half gloom. As she took it, the room sprang into sudden light. He had pulled the string which regulated the curtains over the glazed panes in the ceiling. Then as quickly all was gloom again; he had let the string escape from his hand.

"Half light is better," he muttered in vague apology.

It was a weird beginning to an interview whose object was as yet incomprehensible to her. One minute a blinding glimpse of the room whose details were so varied that many of them still remained unknown to her—the next, everything swept again into shadow through which the tall form of the genius of the place loomed with melancholy suggestion!

She was relieved when he spoke.

"Mrs. Scoville (not Deborah now) have you any confidence in Oliver's word?" Has there ever been anything in his conversation as you knew it in Detroit to make you hesitate to reply?" the judge persisted, as she continued speechless.

"No; nothing I have every confidence in his assertions, I should have yet, if it were not for this horror."

"Forget it for a moment. Recall his effect upon you as a man, a prospective son-in-law—for you meant him to

ITO BE CONTINUED.

MI
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WATCH
ME
GROW



"Want You to Sit Here and Read," Said He.

"Come here, child," said he, in a way to make her heart beat about him!

If so, he failed to allow it in tones as he uttered the words which harassed the prisoner.

"Not guilty."

A growl from the crowd, almost like that of a beast stirring in its lair, then a quick cessation of all hubbub as every one turned to the judge to whom one-sided charges they attributed this rebuke.

Deborah experienced in her quiet corner an alleviation of the heat which had brought her into this forbidding spot, and held her breathless through these formalities.

<p

THOMAS LYNCH DIES AT HOME IN GREENSBURG

Continued from Page One.
store, Thomas Lynch, mining, lumber
superintendent and store manager.
When H. C. Frick & Co. acquired
the Anker and Ferguson works at
Dunbar in 1878, Mr. Lynch was also
given charge of them.

In 1882 H. C. Frick & Co. re-
organized the H. C. Frick Coke
Company, the present corporate name
of the concern, and Mr. Lynch owned
the Anthracite plants. Home City,
Lark, Morgan, White, Connell, Eagle,
Summit and Tip Top Valley, Anchor
and Ferguson being leased operations.
All of the plants except outright were
in the Morgan Valley. In that year
Anchor and Ferguson were
purCHASED.

It was in 1882 that Mr. Lynch was
named general superintendent of the
H. C. Frick Coke Company, becoming
at that time virtually the operating
head of the company. It was from
this time on that the H. C. Frick
Company became known for its phenomenal
growth. With the master mind of H.
C. Frick as the executive head of the
corporation and Thomas Lynch as his
assistant and chief of the operating
department, the Frick company soon
dominated the coke trade, a position
which it has never lost.

In 1890, or about that time, Mr.
Lynch was presented once more, be-
ing given the title of general manager.
It was while holding this
second title that he assumed his famous
"Frigid" title, under which he remained
general manager until 1896. In that
year H. C. Frick refused to nominate
and Thomas Lynch was elected to
success him. His last official act as
general manager was to appoint P.
J. Tormay superintendent of the
Trotter plant. Mr. Tormay had been
with Mr. Lynch at Anchor and was
one of his closest friends.

When Thomas Lynch became presi-
dent of the Frick Company, the position
of general manager was ab-
solved. O. W. Kennedy was made
general superintendent. He held
that position for some years, later
being succeeded by W. H. Chinner,
who still holds that office.

Mr. Lynch was not only the presi-
dent of the H. C. Frick Coke Com-
pany, but was at the head of the coal
mining operations of the United
States Steel Corporation. He also
presided over the United States Coal
Coke Company of West Virginia;
the Bunker Coal Company of Illinois;
the National Mining Company of
Pennsylvania; the Sharon Coal &
Limestone Company of Pennsylvania;
the Republic Coke Company of Penn-
sylvania; and the Hoettemer-Connel-
ville Coke Company of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Lynch was not a figurehead as
presiding. He maintained the same
close touch with operating conditions
that marked his career as general
superintendent and general manager
of the dominating power of the
Frick Company.

Mr. Lynch was married on Decem-
ber 18, 1879, to Miss Anna Anne
McKenna of Pittsburgh. He made his
home at Dunbar at that time. He
moved to Greensburg about 1886
where he has since resided. In addition
to his wife, he is survived by his
only living children, Mrs. Joseph P.
Wright, Miss. Susan A. Lynch,
Thomas Lynch, Mr. Ralph Lynch, Dr.
Clyde T. Lynch, Mrs. M. McKenna
Lynch, a son deceased in Green-
berg, and a daughter, Mrs. Lynch, who
is now manager of the Bunker Coal
Company at Danville, Ill.

Mr. Lynch is also survived by three
brothers and two sisters, Mrs. James
R. Gray, Miss. Edith Lynch, John Lynch
and Maurice Lynch, Connellsville, and
James Lynch, Southgate.

The friendly relations that have so
long existed between the H. C. Frick
Coke Company and its employees was
largely due to the efforts of President
Lynch. He never lost sight of the
workers. At the time of the miners' strike
of 1902, when miners marched out
of the mines of the region, when the men
in them thoroughly beaten, Mr. Lynch
through the H. C. Frick Coke Com-
pany, pledged full treatment and fair
wages to the employees. In the future,
this pledge was voluntary. It was
made after the last strike had been
broken and the workers had returned.
That promise was kept to the letter.
Wages in the Connellsville coke region
have been regulated largely by
the price of coke, and it is interesting
to note that advances in wages have
come more often than reductions.
It could but only within the past few
years that the Frick Company con-
cluded a corporation that would be reduced,
and this in spite of the fact that con-
ditions in the coke trade were such
that a reduction would be justified if
the selling side of wages and prices
is to be maintained.

In other ways Mr. Lynch interest-
ed himself in the welfare of his work-
ers. For a long time superintendents
at their various meetings had
agreed that the coke workers be re-
quired to pay for the coal they used,
and that the coal be paid for the homes.
In this way the corporation endeavored
to prevent the injury to women and
children, who were often hurt while
climbing over barrels or around the
tipples after fuel.

"We won't charge our men for coal,"
Mr. Lynch declared. "You superin-
tendents see that coal is placed at a
point where they can go for it in
safety."

In the welfare work, in which the
H. C. Frick Coke Company has taken
the lead, Mr. Lynch was particularly
interested. He was a firm believer
that attractive parks and playgrounds
and organized, the community
and garden contests. He firmly sup-
ported the large appropriations for
betterments in the shape of sanitary
improvements and safety devices. He
delegated the silver cup which was compet-
ed for by the baseball teams organized
at the many coke plants.

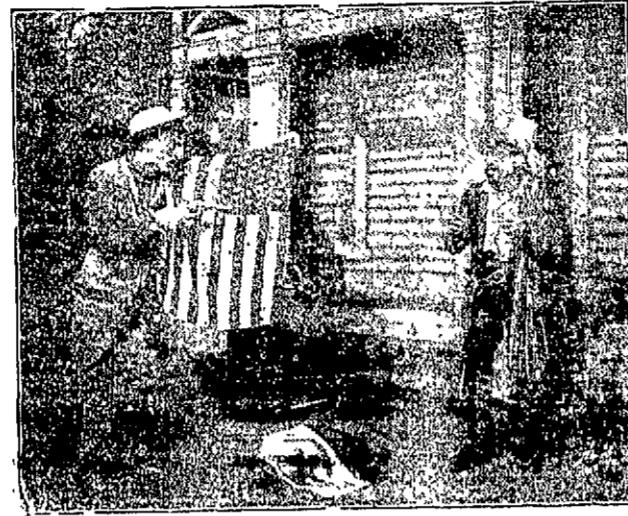
Mr. Lynch was opposed to public-
ity in corporations affairs, a trait in-
herited from Mr. Frick. He had no
desire for personal publicity, or a
"news" department, he gave liberally
to news organizations. He was a
devout member of the Catholic
church.

The funeral will be held from the
Most Holy Sacrament Church in
Greensburg on Friday morning
at 10:30 o'clock. The interment in the
Catholic cemetery will be private. The
family has requested that no flowers
be sent.

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day. It is certainly a highly popular
society drama. A two reel Western
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Marie Wallace and William Clifford.
"Love Disguised" is a full of inter-
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nothing can surpass this play. It
will live forever. Berkley Bassell
plays the handsome hero, needs
no introduction. His young face
will be the hit of features on
New Year's Day a splendid program
will be given, including the new
Athena four reel detective drama, "The
Secret Seven." Saturday, the magnifi-
cent spectacle in six reels, "The
Wife of Waterloo" will be presented.

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Foremost among the attractions
announced the patrons of the Soisson
Theatre this season is that brilliant
drama of western life, "Billy The Kid".
Not in a decade has a drama of such
pathos, mirth and adventure stirred
the heart of fascinated audiences.

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season, altho' very few that
remain come in with the sea-
son. The greater number of
suits, coats and dresses are
late arrivals in the newer
styles. These remainders,
when season-end priced, go
out a-whirling—fair notice
to you to be among the early
comers for best choice of the
splendid apparel for round-
ing out the last part of winter.
Sale on the 2nd floor:

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HALF LESS

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FOURTH OFF

DRESSES
HALF LESS



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methods, the best of materials and greater
care and knowledge produce in P. B. Co. BEER a
beverage far superior to ordinary beers.

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Order a case from your dealer today.

Pittsburgh Brewing Company



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